PHILLIS:

Honoured with Pa=

ſtorall Sonnets, Elegies, and amo-*rous delights.*

VVhere-vnto is annexed, the tragicall complaynt of *Elſtred.*

Iam Phœbus diſiungit equos, iam Cinthia iungit.

At London,
Printed for Iohn Busbie, and are to be ſold at his ſhoppe, at the Weſt-doore *of Paules.* 1593.

TO THE RIGHT worthy and noble Lady, the Counteſſe of Shrewesbury.

I Haue aduentured (moſt noble Lady with the wraſtlers of Olympia, *tho not to win, yet to worke for the Garland; the iudgement of my induſtry relyeth on your Ladiſhippe, who haue both authoritie to conuict, and knowledge to commend. I haue choſen you Madam among many, to be the Soueraigne and shee* Mecænas *of my toyle, becauſe I am aſſured, that the great report of your learning and vertue, (wherewith as yet it hath not pleaſed you to dignifie the world) muſt euen now be exemplified in mee, who dare promiſe as much in affection, as any other can performe in perfecti-*

The Epiſtle.

on. May it pleaſe you to looke and like of homlie Phillis *in her Country caroling, & to countenance her poore and affectionate Sheepheard, who promiſeth vnder the onely encouragement of ſo noble a Lady, to employ all his beſt deſeignes, life, and ſtudies, to your good lyking.*

Your Ladiſhips moſt
humble to commaund

Tho: Lodge.

The Induction.

I That obſcur'd haue fled the Sceane of Fame,
Intitling my conceits to nought but care,
I that haue liu'd a *Phœnix* in loues flame,
And felt that death *I* neuer would declare,
Now mount the Theater of this our age,
To plead my faith and *Cupids* curſed rage.

Oh you high ſp'rited Paragons of witte,
That flye to fame beyond our earthly pitch,
Whoſe ſence is ſound, whoſe words are feat and fitte,
*A*ble to make the coyeſt eare to itch:
Shroud with your mighty wings that mount ſo well,
*T*heſe little loues, new crept from out the ſhell.

And thou the true *Octauia* of our time,
Vnder whoſe worth, beauty was neuer matched,
The Genius of my Muſe and ragged rime,
Smile on theſe little loues but lately hatched,
Who from the wraſtling waues haue made retreate,
T'o pleade for life before thy iudgement ſeate.

*A*nd tho the fore-bred brothers they haue had,
('Who in theyr Swan-like ſonges *Aminthas* wept)
For all their ſweet-thought ſighes had fortune bad,
And twice obſcur'd in *Cinthias* circle ſlept:
Yet theſe (*I* hope) vnder your kind aſpect,
(Moſt worthy Lady) ſhall eſcape neglect.

*A*nd

And if theſe *In*fants of mine artleſſe braine,
(Not by theyr worth,but by thy worthineſſe)
A meane good liking of the learned gaine,
My Muſe enfranchis'd from forgetfulneſſe:
Shall hatch ſuch breede in honour of thy name,
As moderne Poets ſhall admire the ſame.

As moderne Poets ſhall admire the ſame,
I meane not you(you neuer matched men)
VVho brought the Chaos of our tongue in frame,
Through theſe Herculean labours of your pen:
I meane the meane, I meane no men diuine,
But ſuch whoſe feathers are but waxt like mine.

Goe weeping Truce-men in your ſighing weedes,
Vnder a great *Mecænas I* haue paſt you:
If ſo you come where learned *Colin* feedes
His louely flocke, packe thence and quickly haſte you;
You are but miſtes before ſo bright a ſunne,
Who hath the Palme for deepe inuention wunne.

Kiſſe *Delias* hand for her ſweet Prophets ſake,
VVhoſe not affected but well couched teares:
Haue power,haue worth,a Marble minde to ſhake;
Whoſe fame, no Iron-age or time out weares.
Then lay you downe in *Phillis* lap and ſleepe,
Vntill ſhe weeping read,and reading weepe.

The Induction.

I that obſcurd haue fled the ſcheane of fame,
Intitling my conceites to nought but care:
I that haue liu'd a *Phœnix* in loues flame,
And fele that death I neuer would declare:
Now mount the Theater of this our age,
To plead my faith and Cupids curſed rage.

Oh you high ſpirited paragons of witte,
That flye to fame beyond our earthly pitch:
Whoſe ſence is ſound, whoſe wordes are feate and fitte,
Able to make the coyeſt eare to itch:
Shroud with your mighty wings that mount ſo well,
Theſe little loues new crept from out the ſhell.

And thou the'Aſcrean Poet of our time,
Vnder whoſe ſtile conceit was neuer matched:
The Genius of my muſe and ragged rime,
Smile on theſe little loues but latlie hatched:
VVho from the wraſtling waues haue made retreate,
To pleade for life before thy Iudgement ſeate.

And tho the fore-bred brothers they haue had,
(VVho in their Swan-like ſonges Amintas wept)
For all their ſweet-thought ſighes had fortune bad,
And twiſe obſcurd in Cinthias circle ſlept:
Yet theſe I hope vnder your kinde aſpect,
(Thow flower of knight-hood) ſhall eſcape neglect.

The Induction.

And if theſe infants of mine artleſſe braine,
(Not by their worth but by thy worthynes:)
A meane good liking of the learned gaine,
My muſe entranchiſd from forgetfulnes:
  Shall hatch ſuch breede in honour of thy name,
  As moderne Poets ſhall admire the ſame.

As moderne Poets ſhall admire the ſame,
I meane not you (you neuer matched men,)
VVho brought the Chaos of our toung in frame,
Through theſe herculean labours of your pen:
  I meane the meane, I meane no men deuine,
  But ſuch whoſe feathers are but waxt like mine.

Goe weeping truce-men in your ſighing weedes,
Vnder a great Mecenas I haue paſt you:
If ſo you come where learned Colin feedes,
His lowely flocke, pack thence and quicklie haſt you,
  You are but miſtes before ſo bright a ſunne,
  VVho hath the palme for deepe inuention wunne.

Kiſſe Delias hand for hir ſweet Prophets ſake,
VVhoſe not affected but well couched teares:
Haue power, haue worth a marble minde to ſhake,
VVhoſe fame no yron-age or time out weares:
  Then lay you downe in Phillis lappe and ſleepe,
  Vntill ſhe weeping read and reading weepe.

OH

Phillis. Sonnet I.

Oh pleaſing thoughts, apprentiſes of loue,
Fore-runners of deſire, ſweet Methridates
The poiſon of my ſorrowes to remoue,
With whom my hopes and fearefull oft debates.
Inritch your ſelues and me by your ſelfe riches,
(Which are the thoughts you ſpẽd on heauẽ bred beauty,)
Rowſe you my muſe beyond our Poets pitches,
And working wonders yet ſay all is duty.
Vſe you no *Eglets* eyes, nor *Phenix* feathers,
To tower the heauẽ from whence heauens wonder ſallies:
For why your ſonne ſinges ſweetly to hir wethers:
Making a ſpringe of winter in the vallies.
Show to the world tho poore and ſcant my skill is,
How ſweet thoughts bee, that are but thought on *Phillis*.

Sonnet II,

You ſacred Sea-nimphes pleaſantly diſporting,
Amidſt this watrie world, where now I ſaile:
IF euerloue, or louers ſad reporting,
Had power ſweet teares from your faire eyes to hayle:
And you more gentle-hearted then the reſt,
Vnder the Northren Noon-ſtede ſweetly ſtreaming:
Lend thoſe moyſt riches of your chriſtall creſt,
To quench the flames from my hearts *AEtna* ſteaming.
And thou kinde *Triton* in thy trompet reliſh,
The ruthfull accents of my diſcontent:
That midſt this treauell deſolate and helliſh,
Some gentle wind e that liſtens my lament.
May prattle in the north in *Phillis* eares,
Where *Phillis* wants *Damon* conſumes in teares.

Sonnet III.

In fancies world an *Atlas* haue I beene,
Where yet the *Chaos* of my ceaſleſſe care:
Is by hir eies vnpitied and vnſeene,
In whom all giftes but pity planted are.
For mercie tho ſtill cries my moane-clad muſe,
And euery paper that ſhe ſendes to beautie:
In tract of ſable teares bringes wofull newes,
Of my true heartkinde thoughts and loyall duetie.
But ah the ſtringes of hir hard heart are ſtrained,
Beyond the harmonie of my deſires:
And tho the happie heauens themſelues haue pained,
To tame hir heart whoſe will ſo farre aſpires,
Yet ſhe who claimes the title of worldes wonder,
Thinkes all deſartes to bace to bring hir vnder.

Sonnet IIII.

Long hath my ſufferance labored to inforce,
One pearle of pittie from hir prettie eyes,
Whileſt I with reſtleſſe riuers of remorſe,
Haue bathde the bankes where my faire *Phillis* lies.
The moning lines which weeping *I* haue written,
And writing red vnto my ruthfull ſheepe,
And reading ſent with teares that neuer fitten,
To my loues Queene,that hath my heart in keepe:
Haue made my Lambkins,lay them downe and ſigh:
But *Phillis* ſittes,and reades,and cals them trifles:
Oh heauens why clime not happie lines ſo high,
To rent that ruthleſſe heart,that all hearts rifles?
None wrightes with truer faith, or greater loue,
Yet out alas I haue no power to moue.

Ah

Sonnet V.

Ah pale and dying infant of the ſpringe,
How rightly now do I reſemble thee:
That ſelfeſame hand that thee from ſtalke did wringe,
Hath rent my breaſt and robd my heart from mee.
Yet ſhalt thou liue, for why thy natiue vigor,
Shall thriue by woſull dew-droppes of my dollour:
And from the woundes I beare through fancies rigor,
My ſtreaming blood ſhall yeeld thee crimſon colour.
The rauiſht ſighes (that ceaſleſſe take their iſſue,
From out the furneſſe of my heart inflamed:)
To yeeld you laſting ſprings ſhall neuer miſſe you,
So by my plaints, and paines, you ſhall be famed
Let my hearts heat, and colde, thy crimſon noriſh,
And by my ſorrowes let thy beautie floriſh.

Sonnet VI.

It is not death which wretched men call dying,
But that is very death which I endure:
When my coy looking Nimph(hir grace enuying,)
By fatall frownes my domage doth procure.
It is not life which we for life approue,
But that is life when on hir woul-ſoft pappes,
I ſeale ſweet kiſſes,which do batten loue:
And doubling them do treble my good happes.
T is neither loue the ſonne,nor loue the mother,
Which louers praiſe and pray to;but that loue is:
Which ſhe in eye and I in heart do ſmother,
Then muſe not tho I glory in my miſſe.
Since ſhe who holdes my heart,and me in durance,
Hath life,death,loueand all in hir procureance.

Sonnet VII.

How languiſheth the Primroſe of loues garden?
*H*ow trill hir teares th'Elixar of my ſences:
Ambitious ſicknes, what doth thee ſo harden,
Oh ſpare and plague thou me for hir offences.
Ah Roſes, loues faire Roſes do not languiſh,
Bluſh through the milk-white vaile that holdes you couer-
*I*f heate or colde may mitigate your anguiſh, (ed.
Ile burne, Ile frize, but you ſhall be recouered.
Good God would beautie marke now ſhe is craſed,
How but one ſhower of ſickneſſe makes hir tender:
Hir *I*udgmentes then to marke my woes amazed,
To mercy ſhould opinions fort ſurrender:
And I (oh would, I might, or would ſhe ment it,)
*S*hould herrie loue, who now in hart lament it.

No ſtarres hir eyes to cleere the wandering night,
But ſhining ſunnes of true diuinitye:
That make the ſoule conceiue hir perfect light:
No wanton beauties of humanitie
Hir prettie browes, but beames that cleare the ſight
Of him that ſeekes the true Philoſophie:
No Corrall is hir lippe, no roſe hir faire,
But euen that crimſon that adornes the Sunne
No Nimph is ſhe, but miſtreſſe of the ayre,
By whom my glories are but newe begunne,
But when I touch and taſt as others do,
I then ſhall wright and you ſhall wonder to.

Sonnet IX.

The dewie-Roſeate morne had with hir haires,
*I*n ſundrie ſorts the Indian Clime adornd:
*A*nd now hir eies apparrailed in teares,
The loſſe of louely *Memnon* long had moornd.
When as ſhe ſpide the Nimph whom *I* admire.
Kembinge hir locks, of which the yelow golde,
Made bluſh the beauties of hir curled wire,
Which heauen it ſelfe with wonder might beholde.
*T*hen redd with ſhame, hir reuerend locks ſhe rent,
And weeping hid the beauty of hir face,
The flower of fancie wrought ſuch diſcontent:
The ſighes which midſt the aire ſhe breathd a ſpace,
A three daies ſtormie tempeſt did maintaine,
Hir ſhame a fire, hir eies a ſwelling raine.

Sonnet X.

The rumor runnes that heere in I ſis ſwimme,
Such ſtately Swannes ſo confident in dying;
That when they feele them ſelues neere *Lethes* brimme,
They ſing their fatall dirge when death is nighing.
And I like theſe that, feele my woundes are mortall,
Contented dye for hir whom I adore:
And in my ioyfull himnes do ſtill exhort all,
To die for ſuch a Saint or loue no more.
Not that my torments, or hir tiranie.
Inforce me to enioyne ſo hard a taske,
But for *I* know, and yeeld no reaſon why,
But will them trie that haue deſire to aske.
As loue hath wreathes his pretty eies to ſeele,
So louers muſt keepe ſecret what they feele

My

Sonnet XI.

My fraile and earthly barke, by reaſons guide,
(Which holdes the helme, whilſt wil doth weilde the ſaile:)
By my deſires (the winds of bad betide,)
Hath ſaild theſe worldly Seaes with ſmall auaile.
Vaine obiectes ſerue, for dreadfull Rockes to quaile,
My brittle boate from hauen of life that flies
To haunt the Sea of mundane miſeries:
My ſowle that drawes Impreſſions from aboue,
And viewes my courſe, and ſees the windes aſpire,
Bids reaſon watch to ſcape the ſhoales of loue:
But lawles will enflamd with endleſſe ire
Doth ſteerem poope whileſt reaſon doth retire.
The ſtreames increaſe loues waues my barcke do fill,
Thus are they wrackt that guide their courſe by will.

Sonnet XII.

Ah trees why fall your leaues ſo faſt?
Ah Rocks where are your robes of moſſe?
Ah flockes, why ſtand you all agaſt?
Trees, rocks, and flocks, what are you penſiue for my loſſe?
The birdes me thinkes, tune nought but moane,
The windes breath nought but bitter plaint,
The beaſts forſake their dennes to groane, (ers attaint?
Birdes, windes, and beaſtes, what doth my loſſe your pow-
Floodes weepe their ſpringes aboue their boundes,
And *Eccho* wailes to ſee my woe,
The roabe of ruth doth cloath the groundes:
Floodes, *Eccho*, groũdes, why do you al theſe teares beſtow?
The trees, the rockes, and flockes replie,
The birdes, the windes, the beaſtes report,
Floodes, Eccho, groundes, for ſorrow crie,
VVe grieue ſince Phillis nill kinde Damons loue conſort.

Loue

Sonnet XIII.

Loue guides the roſes of thy lippes,
And flies about them like a bee:
If I approch he forward skippes,
And if I kiſſe he ſtingeth me.

Loue in thine eyes doth build his bower,
And ſleepes within their prettie ſhine:
And if I looke the boy will lower,
And from their orbes ſhootes ſhaftes deuine.

Loue workes thy heart within his fire,
And in my teares doth firme the ſame:
And if I tempt it will retire,
And of my plaintes doth make a game.

Loue let me cull hir choyceſt flowers,
And pittie me, and calme hir eye,
Make ſoft hir heart, diſſolue hir lowers,
Then will I praiſe thy dietie.

But if thou do not loue, Ile trulye ſerue hir,
In ſpight of thee, and by firme faith deſerue hir.

Sonnet XIIII.

I wroat in *Mirrhaes* barcke, and as *I* wroate,
Poore *Mirrha* wept becauſe I wroat forſaken:
T'was of thy pride *I* ſoong in weeping noate,
When as hir leaues great moane for pittie maken.
The falling fountaines from the mountaines falling,
Cride out ah-las, ſo faire and bee ſo cruel;
And Babling Echo neuer ceaſed callinge,
Phillis diſdaine is fitte for none but truthleſſe.
The riſing pines wherein *I* had engraued,
Thy memorie conſulting with the winde:
Are trucemen to thy heart, and thoughts depraued,
And ſay thy kind ſhould not bee ſo vnkinde.
But (out ah-las) ſo fell is *Phillis* pheerleſſe,
That ſhe hath made hir *Damon* welnie tearleſſe.

My

Sonnet XV.

My *Phillis* hath the morning ſunne,
At firſt to looke vppon hir.
And Phillis hath morne-waking birdes,
Hir riſinges for to honour.
My *Phillis* hath prime-feathered flowers,
That ſmile when ſhe treades on them,
And Phillis hath a gallant flocke,
That leapes ſince ſhe doth owne them.
But *Phillis* hath ſo hard a heart,
Ah-las that ſhe ſhould haue it.
As yeeldes no mercie to deſart,
Nor grace to thoſe that craue it:
Sweet ſunne when thou lookeſt on,
Pray hir regarde my moane.
Sweet birdes when you ſing to hir,
To yeeld ſome pittie wooe hir.
Sweet flowers when as ſhe treades on,
Tell hir.hir beautie deades one:
And if in life hir loue,ſhe nill agree me,
Pray hir before I die,ſhe will come ſee me.

Sonnet XVI.

I part but how? from ioy, from hope, from life,
I leaue but whom? loues pride, wits pompe, harts bliſſe,
I pine for what? for griefe, for thought, for ſtrife:
I faint and why? becauſe *I* ſee my miſſe,
Oh ceaſleſſe paines that neuer may be toulde,
You make me weepe as I to water would.
Ah wearie hopes in deepe obliuious ſtreames,
Goe ſeeke your graues, ſince yon haue loſt your groundes,
Ah penſiue heart ſeeke out hir radiant gleames,
For why thy bliſſe is ſhut within thoſe boundes?
*A*h traiterous eies to feeble in for ſight,
Growe dimme with woe, that now muſt want your light.
I part from bliſſe to dwell with ceaſleſſe moane,
I part from life, ſince I from beauty part,
I part from peace, to pine in care alone,
I part from eaſe to dye with dreadfull ſmart.
I part (oh death;) for why this world containes,
More care, and woe then with diſpaire remaines,
Oh loath depart wherein ſuch ſorrowes dwell,
As all conceites are ſcant the ſame to tell.

Ah

Sonnet XVII.

Ah fleeting weale, ah ſlie deluding ſleepe,
That in one moment giueſt me ioye and paine:
How doe my hopes diſſolue to teares in vaine?
As wount the Snowes, fore angrie ſunne toweepe?,
Ah noyſome life that hath no weale in keepe
My forward griefe hath forme and working might
My pleaſures like the ſhaddowes take their flight:
My pathe to bliſſe is tedious long and ſteepe.
Twiſe happie thou *Endemion* that embraceſt,
The liue-long night thy loue within thine armes:
Where thou fond dreame my longed weale defaceſt
Whiteſt fleeting and vncertaine ſhaddes thou placeſt
Before my eies with falſe déluding charmes.
Ah inſtant ſweetes which do my heart reuiue,
How ſhould I ioy if you were true aliue;

Sonnet XVIII.

As where two raging venomes are vnited,
(Which of themſelues diſſeuered life would ſeuer;)
The ſickly wretch of ſickneſſe is acquited,
Which elſe ſhould die, or pine in torments euer.
So fire, and froſt, that holde my heart in ſeaſure,
Reſtore thoſe ruines which themſelues haue wrought,
Where if a part they both had had their pleaſure,
The earth long ſince, hir fatall claime had cought.
Thus two vnited deathes, keepe me from dying,
I burne in *Ice*, and quake amidſt the fire:
No hope mideſt theſe exteames or fauour ſpyinge,
Thus loue makes me a Martir in his yre.
So that both colde and heate do rather feed,
My ceaſleſſe paines, then any comfort breede.

Thou

Sonnet XIX.

Thou tiranizing Monarcke that doſt tire,
My loue-ſicke heart through thoſe aſſaulting eyes,
That are the lampes which lighten my deſire,
If nought but death furie may ſuffiſe:
Not for my peace, but for thy pleaſure bee it,
That *Phillis*, wrathfull *Phillis* that repines me,
All grace but death, may daine to come and ſee it,
And ſeeing greeue, at that ~~that~~ which ſhee aſsignes me.
This onely boone for all my mortall bane,
I craue and crie for, at thy mercye ſeate;
That when hir wrath a faithfull heart hath ſlaine,
And ſoule is fled, and body reft of heate:
She might perceiue how much ſhe might command,
That had my life, and death, within hir hand.

Sonnet XX.

Some praiſe the lookes, and others praiſe the lockes,
Of their faire Queenes, in loue with curious wordes:
Some laud the breaſt where loue his treaſure locks,
All like the eie that life and loue affordes.
But none of theſe fraile beauties and vnſtable
Shall make my pen ryot in pompous ſtile:
More greater giftes ſhall my graue muſe enable,
Whereat ſeuerer browes ſhall neuer ſmile.
I praiſe hir honny-ſweeter eloquence,
Which from the fountaine of true wiſdome floweth:
Hir modeſt meane that matcheth exelence,
Hir matchleſſe faith which from hir ver tue groweth:
*A*nd could my ſtile hir happie vertues equale,
Time had no power hir glories to enthrale.

Now

Egloga Prima Demades Damon.

Demades NOw ſourge of winters wracke is welnie ſpent,
And ſunne ginnes looke more longer on our clime,
*A*nd earth no more to ſorrow doth conſent,
VVhy beene thy lookes forlornethat viewe the prime?
Vnneth thy flockes may feed to ſee thee faint,
Thou loſt, they leane,and both with woe attaint.

For ſhame caſt off theſe diſcontented lookes,
For griefe doth waight one life,tho neuer ſought,
(So *Thenot* wrote admir'd for Pipe and bookes:)
Then to the ſpringe attemper thou thy thought,
*A*nd let aduice reare vp thy drooping minde:
*A*nd leaue to weepe thy woes vnto the winde.

*Damon. A*h *Demades* no wounder tho I waile,
For euen the ſpring is winter vnto me,
Looke as the ſunne the earth doth then auaile,
VVhen by his beames,hir bowels warmed bee:
Euen ſo a Saint more ſunne-bright in hir ſhining.
Firſt wrought my weale,now haſts my winters pining.

VVhich louely lampe withdrawne from my poore eyes,
Both partes of earth,and fire-drownd vp in woe:
In winter dwell: my ioy my courage dies,
My lambes with me that doe my winter knowe?
For pitty ſcorne the ſpring that nyeth neere,
*A*nd pine to ſee, their Maſters pining cheere.

The roote which yeeldeth ſappe vnto the tree,
Drawes from the earth the meanes that makes it ſpring:
And by the ſap the ſiens foſtered bee,
All from the ſunne haue comfort and increaſing:
And that faire eie that lightes this earthly ball,
Kilies by depart, and neeting cheereth all.

As roote to tree ſuch is my tender heart,
VVhoſe ſappe is thought, whoſe braunches are content:
And from my ſoule they drawe their ſweet or ſmarte,
And from hir eie, my ſoules beſt life is lent.
VVhich heauenly eye that lightes both earth and aire,
Quels by depart and quickens by repaire.

Damodes. Giue periode to the proceſſe of thy plaint,
Vnhappie *Damon* witty in ſelfe-greeuing:
Tend thou thy flockes, let tyrant loue attaint,
Thoſe tender heartes that make their loue their liuing.
And as kinde time keepes *Phillis* from thy ſight,
So let preuention baniſh fancie quite.

Caſt hence this Idle fuel of deſire,
That feedes that flame wherein thy heart conſumeth:
Let reaſon ſchoole thy will which doth aſpire,
And counſell coole impatience that preſumeth:
Driue hence vaine thoughtes which are fond loues abetters,
For he that ſeekes his thraldoome merits fetters.

The

The vaine Idea of this dietie
nuſt at the teate of thine Imagination:
VVasbred brought, vp by thine owne vanitie,
VVhoſe beeing thou mayeſt curſe from the creation:
And ſo thou liſt, thou maieſt as ſoone forget loue,
As thou at firſt didſt faſhion and beget loue.

Damon, Peace *Demades* peace ſheep-heard do not tempt me,
The ſage-taught wiſe may ſpeake thus, but not practiſe:
Rather from life, then from my loue exempt me,
My happie loue wherein my weale and wracke lies:
VVhere chillie age firſt left loue, and firſt loſt hir,
There youth found loue, likt loue, and loue did foſter.

Not as Ambitious of their owne decay,
But curious to equall your fore-deedes:
So tread we now within your woonted way,
We find your fruites of iudgementes and their ſeedes:
VVe know you lou'd, and louing learne that lore,
You ſcorne kind loue, becauſe you can no more:

Tho from this pure refiner of the thought,
The gleanings of your lerninges haue you gathred
Your liues had beene abortiue bace and nought,
Except by happie loue they had beene fathered,
Then ſtill the ſwaine, for I will ſtill avowe it:
They haue no witte nor worth that diſ-alow it.

Then to renewe the ruines of my teares,
Be thou no hinderer *Demades I* pray thee.
If my loue ſighes, grow tedious in thine eares,
Flye me, that flye from ioy, *I* liſt not ſtay thee,
Morne ſheepe, morne lambes, & *Damon* wil weep by your,
And when *I* ſigh come home ſweete *Phillis* cry you.

Come home ſweete *Phillis*, for thine abſence cauſeth
A flowerleſſe prime-tide in theſe drooping medowes,
To puſh his beauties foorth each primroſe pauſeth,
Our Lillies and our Roſes like coy widowes
Shut in their buddes their beauties, & bemoane them,
Becauſe my *Phillis* doth not ſmile vpon them.

The trees by my redoubled ſighes long blaſted,
Call for thy balme-ſweete breath and ſunnie eyes,
To whom all natures comforts are hand-faſted,
Breath, looke on them, and they to life ariſe:
They haue new liueries with each ſmile thou lendeſt,
And droope with me, when thy faire brow thou bendeſt.

I wooe thee *Phillis* with more earneſt weeping,
Then *Niobe* for hir dead iſſue ſpent,
I pray thee Nimph who haſt our ſpring in keeping:
Thou miſtreſſe of our flowers and my content,
Come home and glad our Meades of winter wearie,
*A*nd make thy wofull *Damon* blith and merrie,

Elſe will I captiue all my hopes againe,
And ſhut them vp in priſons of diſpaire:
And weepe ſuch teares as ſhal deſtroy this plaine,
*A*nd ſigh ſuch ſighes as ſhall Eclipſe the aire.
*A*nd cry ſuch cries as loue that heares my crying,
Shall faint and weepe for griefe, and fall a dying.

My little world hath vow'd no ſunne ſhall glad it,
Except thy little world her light diſcouer,
Of which heauens would growe proud if ſo they had it,
Oh how *I* feare leaſt abſent *Ioue* ſhoulde louc her,
I feare it *Phillis*, for he neuer ſawe one,
That had more heauen-ſweet lookes to lure & awe one.

I ſweare to thee all-ſeeing ſoueraine,
Rowling heauens circles round about our center:
Except my *Phillis* ſafe returne againe,
No ioy to heart, no meate to mouth ſhall enter.
All hope (but future hope to be renouned,
For weeping *Phillis*) ſhall in teares be drowned.

Demades. How large a ſcope lendes *Damon* to his moane,
VVaſting thoſe treaſures of his happy-witte:
In regeſtring his wofull woe-begone?
Ah bende thy Muſe to matters farre more fitte:
For time ſhall come when *Phillis* is interd,
That *Damon* ſhall confeſſe that he hath erd.

*VV*hen natures riches ſhal (by time diſſolued)
Call thee to ſee with more iudiciall eye:
How *Phillis* beauties are to duſt reſolued,
Thou then ſhalt aske thy ſelfe the reaſon why
Thou wert ſo fond, ſince *Phillis* was ſo fraile,
To praiſe her giftes that ſhould ſo quickly faile?

Haue mercie on thy ſelfe ceaſe being idle,
Let reaſon claime and gaine of will his homage:
Raine in theſe brain-ſicke thoughts with iudgements bridle,
A ſhort preuention helpes a mighty domage.
If *Phillis* loue, loue hir, yet loue hir ſo:
That if ſhe flye, thou maieſt loues fire forgo.

Play with the fire, yet die not in the flame,
Show paſſions in thy wordes, but not in heart:
Leaſt when thou think'ſt to bring thy thoughtes in frame,
Thou proue thy ſelfe a priſoner by thine Arte.
Play with theſe babes of loue, as Apes with Glaſſes,
And put no truſt in feathers, winde, or laſſes.

Da. Did not thine age yeeld warrantiſe (olde man)
Impatience would inforce me to offend thee,
Me liſt not now thy froward ſkill to ſcanne,
Yet will I pray that loue may mend or end thee.
Spring flowers, ſea-tides, earth graſſe, ſkie ſtars ſhal baniſh,
Before the thoughtes of loue or *Phillis* vaniſh.

So get the gone and fold thy tender ſheepe,
For lo the greate *Autumedon* of day:
In *Iſis* ſtreame his golden lockes doth ſteepe,
Sad Euen her duſkie mantle doth diſplay?
Light-flying toules the poſts of night diſport them,
And cheerfull looking *Veſper* doth conſort them.

Come you my carefull flocke fore-goe your maiſter,
Ile folde you vp and after fall a ſighing,
*VV*ordes haue no worth my ſecret woundes to plaiſter,
Nought may refreſh my ioyes but *Phillis* nighing.
Farewell olde *Demades*, *DE*. *Damon* farewell,
How gainſt aduiſe doth headlong youth rebell.

Ah

An Elegie.

Ah cruel windes why call you hence away:
*W*hy make you breach betwixt my ſoule and mee?
Ye trayterous floodes why nill your floatesdelaie,
*V*ntill my lateſt moanes diſcourſed bee?
For tho yee ſalte ſea-Gods with hold the raigne:
Of all your floates. And gentle windes be ſtill;
*W*hile I haue wept ſuch teates, as might reſtraine
The rage of tides and windes againſt their will.
Ah ſhall I loſe your ſight bright ſhining eyes?
*A*nd muſt my ſoule his life and glory leaue?
Muſt *I* forſake the bower where ſolace liues,
*T*o truſt to tickle fates that ſtill deceiue?
'*A*h-las ſo willes the wanton Queene of chaunge,
'*T*hat each man tract this laborinth of life,
'*W*ith ſlippery ſteps, now wrongd by fortune ſtrange,
'Now drawne by counſell from the maze of ſtrife?
'*A*h ioy no ioy becauſe ſo ſo ſoone thou fleeteſt,
Houres, dayes, and times inconſtant in your beeing.
Oh life, no life ſince with ſuch chaunce thou meeteſt,
Oh eies, no eies, ſince you muſt looſe your ſeeing:
Soule bee thou ſad, diſſolue thy liuing powers.
*T*o chriſtall teares, and by their pores expreſſe,
The griefe, that my deſtreſſed ſoule deuoures:
Cloath thou my body all in heauineſſe,
My ſonnes appeard faire ſmiling full of pleaſure,
But now the vale of abſence ouer cloudes them:
They fed my heart with ioyes exceeding meaſure
*W*hich now ſhal dy, ſince abſence needs muſt ſhroud them
Yea die, oh death, ſweet death, vouchſafe that bleſſing,
That *I* may die the death whileſt ſhe regardeth,
For ſweet were death, and ſweete, were deathes oppreſsing,
*I*f ſhe looke on who all my life awardeth.

Oh thou that art the portion of my ioy,
Yet not the portion, for thou art the prime:
Suppoſe my griefes, conceiue the deepe anoy,
That wounds my ſoule vpon this ſorrye time:
Pale is my face, and in my pale confeſſes,
The paine I ſuffer, ſince *I* needes muſt leaue thee,
Redde are mine eyes through teares that them oppreſſes,
Dul'd are my ſprits ſince fates do now bereue thee.
And now, ah now, my plaintes are quite preuented,
The windes are faire the ſailes are hoyſed hie,
The *A*nckers waid, and now quite diſcontented,
Griefe ſo ſubdewes my hart as it ſhould dye.
A faint farewell, with trembling hand I tender,
And with my teares my papers are diſtained,
Which cloſed vp, my heart in them *I* render,
To tell thee how at parting *I* complained.
Vouchſafe his meſſage that doth bring farewell,
*A*nd for my ſake let him with beautie dwell.

Thirſis Ægloga Secunda.

Muſes helpe me, ſorrow ſwarmeth,
Eyes are fraught with ſeas of languiſh:
Heauie hope my ſollace harmeth,
Mindes repaſt is bitter anguiſh.

Eye of day regarded neuer,
Certaine truſt, in world vntruſty,
Flattering hope beguileth euer:
VVeary olde, and wanton luſtie.

Dawne of day beholdes inthroned,
Fortunes darling, proude and dreadleſſe:
Darkeſome night doth heare him moaned,
VVho before was rich and needleſſe.

Robb the ſphre of lines vnited,
Make a ſodaine voide in nature:
Force the day to bee benighted,
Reaue the cauſe of time and creature.

Ere the world will ceaſe to varie,
This I weepe for this/ ſorrow.
Muſes if you pleaſe to tarry,
Further helpes I meane to borrow.

Courted once by fortunes fauour,
Compaſt now with enuies curſes:
All my thoughts of ſorrow ſauer,
Hopes runne fleeting like the ſourſes.

(Ay me) wanton ſcorne hath maimed,
All the ioy my heart enioyed:
Thoughtes their thinking haue diſclaimed,
Hate my hopes hath quite anoyed.

Scant regard my weale hath ſcanted,
Looking coy hath forſt my lowering:
Nothing likt where nothing wanted,
VVeddes mine eyes to ceaſeleſſe ſhowering.

Former loue was once admired,
Preſent fauour is eſtranged,
Loath the pleaſure long deſired,
Thus both men and thoughtes are changed.

Louely ſwaine with luckie guiding,
Once (ebut now no more ſo friended)
Thou my flockes haſt had in minding,
From the morne till day was ended

Drinke and fodder foode and foulding,
Had my lambes and ewes together
I with them was ſtill beholding,
Both in warmth and winter weather.

Now they languiſh ſince refuſed,
Ewes and lambes are paind with pining
I with ewes and lambes confuſed,
All vnto our deathes declyning.

Silence leaue thy caue obſcured,
Daine a dolfull ſwaine to tender,
Though diſdaines I haue endured,
Ye I am no deepe offender.

XXI. Sonnet

Phillips ſonne canne with his finger,
Hide his ſcarre it is ſo little:
Little ſinne a day to linger,
VViſe men wander in a Tittle.

Thriftles yet my ſwaine haue turned,
Though my ſunne he neuer ſhoweth:
Though I weepe I am not mourned,
Though I want no pittie groweth.

Yet for pittie loue my muſes,
Gentle ſilence be their couer:
They muſt leaue their wonted vſes,
Since *I* leaue to bee a louer.

They ſhall liue with thee incloſed,
I will loath my pen and paper:
Arte ſhall neuer be ſuppoſed,
Sloath ſhall quench the watching taper.

Kiſſe them ſilence, kiſſe them kindly
Though *I* leaue them, yet *I* loue them:
Though my wit haue led them blindly,
Yet my ſwaine did once approue them.

I will trauell ſoyles remoued,
Night and morrowe neuer merie:
Thou ſhalt harbor that *I* loued,
I will loue that makes me werye.

*I*f perchaunce the ſheepe ſtrayeth,
*I*n thy walkes and ſhades vnhaunted:
Tell the teene my heart betrayeth,
How neglect my ioyes hath daunted.

Sonnet XXI.

Ye heraultes of my heart, mine ardent groanes,
O teares which gladly would burſt out to brookes,
Oh ſpent on fruitleſſe ſande my ſurging moanes,
Oh thoughtes enthrald vnto care-boading lookes.
Ah iuſt laments of my vniuſt diſtreſſe,
Ah fond deſires whom reaſon could not guide,
Oh hopes of loue that intimate redreſſe,
Yet proue the load-ſtars vnto bad betide.
When will you ceaſe? or ſhall paine neuer ceaſing,
Seaze on my heart? oh molifie your rage,
Leaſt your aſſaultes with ouer ſwift increaſing,
Procure my death, or call on timeleſſe age.
What if they do? they ſhall but feede the fire,
Which I haue kindled by my fond deſire.

Faire

Sonnet XXII.

Faire art thou *Phillis*, *I* ſo faire (ſweet mayd)
As nor the ſunne, nor *I* haue ſeene more faire,
For in thy cheekes ſweet roſes are embayde,
And golde more pure then gold doth guilde thy haire.
Sweet Bees haue hitu'd their hony on thy tongue,
And Hebe ſpic't hir Necter with thy breath:
About thy necke do all the graces thronge,
And lay ſuch baites as might entangle death.
In ſuch a breaſt what heart would not be thrall?
From ſuch ſweet armes who would not wiſh embraces?
At thy faire handes who wonders not at all,
Wounder it ſelfe through ignorance embaſes?
Yet naitheleſſe tho wonderous giftes you call theſe,
My faith is farre more wonderfull then all theſe.

Sonnet XXIII.

Burſt burſt poore heart thou haſt no longer hope,
Captiue mine eyes vnto eternall ſleepe,
Let all my ſences haue no further ſcope,
Let death be lord of me and all my ſheepe.
For *Phillis* hath betrothed fierce diſdaine:
That makes his mortall mantion in hir heart,
And though my tonge haue long time taken paine,
To ſue deuorſe and wed hir to deſart.
She will not yeeld, my wordes can haue no power,
She ſcornes my faith, ſhe laughes at my ſad layes,
She filles my ſoule with neuer ceaſing ſower,
Who filt the world with volumes of hir praiſe:
In ſuch extreames what wretch can ceaſe to craue,
His peace from death, who can no mercy haue.

No

Sonnet XXIIII.

No glory makes me glorious or glad,
Nor pleaſure may to pleaſure me diſpoſe,
Ne comfort can reuiue my ſences ſad,
Nor hope enfranchiſe me with one repoſe.
Nor in hir abſence taſt I one delight,
Nor in hir preſence am I well content,
Was neuer time gaue tearme to my diſpight,
Nor ioy that dried the teares of my lament:
Nor holde *I* hope of weale in memorie,
Nor haue I thought to change my reſtleſſe griefe,
Nor doth my conqueſt yeelde me ſouerainetie,
Nor hope repoſe, nor confidence, reliefe.
For why ſhe ſortes hir frownes and fauoures ſo,
As when I gaine or looſe I cannot know:

Sonnet XXV.

I wage the combat with two mightie foes,
Which are more ſtrong then *I* ten thouſand folde,
The one is when thy pleaſure I do loſe,
The other, when thy perſon *I* beholde:
In ſeeing thee a ſwarme of loues confound me,
And cauſe my death in ſpight of my reſiſt,
*A*nd if I ſee thee not thy want doth wound me,
For in thy ſight my comfort doth conſiſt.
The one in me continuall care createth,
The other doth occaſion my deſire,:
The one the edge of all my ioy rebateth,
The other makes me a *Phenix* in loues fire
So that *I* grieue when *I* enioy your preſence,
*A*nd dye for griefe by reaſon of your abſence.

Ile

Sonnet XXVI

Ile teach thee louely *Phillis*, what loue is,
It is a viſion ſeeming ſuch as thou
That flies as faſt as it aſſaultes mine eies:
It is affection that doth reaſon miſſe:
It is a ſhape of pleaſure like to you,
Which meetes the eie, and ſeene on ſodaine dies,
It is a doubled griefe a ſparke of pleaſure,
Begot by vaine deſire, and this is loue,
Whom in our youth we count our chiefeſt treaſure
In age for want of power we do reproue:
Yea ſuch a power is loue, whoſe loſſe is paine,
And hauing got him we repent our gaine.

Sonnet XXVII.

Faire eyes whileſt fearefull I your faire admire,
By vnexpreſſed ſweetnes that I gaine,
My memory of ſorrow doth expire,
*A*nd faulcon like I tower ioyes heauens amaine.
But when your ſonnes in Oceans of their glory,
Shut vppe their day-bright ſhine, I dye for thought:
So paſſe my ioyes as doth a new plaid ſtorie,
And one poore ſigh breaths all delight to nought.
So to my ſelfe I liue not, but for you,
For you *I* liue, and you I loue, but none elſe:
Oh then faire eyes whoſe light I liue to viewe,
Or poore forlorne deſpis'd to liue alone els,
Looke ſweete ſince from the pith of contemplation,
Loue gathereth life, and liuing, breedeth paſſion.

Not

Sonnet XXVIII.

Not cauſleſſe were you chriſtned (gentle flowers)
The one of faith, the other fancies pride,
For ſhe who guides both faith and fancies power,
In your faire coloures wrapes hir Iuory ſide:
As one of you hath whitenes without ſtaine,
So ſpotleſſe is my loue and neuer tainted:
And as the other ſhadoweth faith againe,
Such is my laſſe, with no fond chaunge acquainted:
And as nor tirant ſonne nor winter weather,
May eeuer chaunge ſweet *Amaranthus* hew:
So ſhe tho loue and fortune ioyne together,
Will neuer leaue to bee both faire and true:
And ſhould I leaue thee then thou prettie elfe?
Nay firſt let *Damon* quite forget himſelfe.

Sonnet XXIX.

I feele my ſelfe endaungered beyond reaſon,
My death alreadie twixt the cup and lippe,
Becauſe my proud deſire through curſed treaſon,
Would make my hopes mount heauen, which cannot skip:
My fancie ſtill requireth at my handes,
Such thinges as are not, cannot, may not bee
And my deſire altho my power with-ſtandes,
Will giue me winges, who neuer yet could flee:
What then remaines except my maimed ſoule,
Extort compaſsion from loue-flying age,
Or if nought els their furye may controwle,
To call on death that quels affections rage.
Which death ſhall dwell with me and neuer flie,
Since vaine deſire ſeekes that hope doth denie.

Sonnet XXX.

I doe compare vnto thy youthly cleare,
(Which alwaies bydes within thy flowring prime,)
The month of *Aprill*, that bedewes our clime
With pleaſant flowers, when as his ſhowers appeare,
Before thy face, ſhall flie falſe crueltie,
Before his face, the doaly ſeaſon fleetes,
Milde beene his lookes, thine eyes are full of ſweetes:
Firme is his courſe, firme is thy loialtie.
He paints the fieldes through liquid chriſtall ſhowers,
Thou paint'ſt my verſe with *Pallas* learned flowers:
With *Zephirus* ſweet breath he fils the plaines,
And thou my hart with weeping ſighes dooſt wring,
His browes are dewd with mornings chriſtall ſpring,
Thou mak'ſt my eyes with teares bemoane my paines.

Sonnet XXXI.

Deuoide of reaſon, thralé to fooliſh iré,
I walke and chaſe a ſauage fairie ſtill,
Now neere the flood, ſtraight on the mounting hill,
Now midſt the woodes of youth, and vaine deſire:
For leaſh I beare a cord of carefull griefe,
For brach I lead an ouer forward minde,
My houndes are thoughtes, and rage diſpairing blind,
Paine, crueltie, and care without reliefe:
But they perceiuing that my ſwift purſute,
My flying fairie cannot ouertake,
With open mouthes their pray on me do make,
Like hungrie houndes that lately loſt their ſuite.
And full of furie on their maiſter feede,
To haſten on my hapleſſe death with ſpeede.

Sonnet XXXII

A thouſand times to thinke and thinke the ſame,
To two faire eies to ſhow a naked heart,
Great thirſt with bitter licor to reſtraine,
To take repaſt of care and crooked ſmart;
To ſigh full oft without relent of yre,
To dye for griefe and yet conceale the tale,
To others will to faſhion my deſire,
To pine in lookes diſguiſd through penciue-pale;
A ſhort diſpight, a faith vnfained true,
To loue my foe, and ſet my life at nought,
With heedleſſe eies mine endleſſe harmes to viewe,
A will to ſpeake, a feare to tell the thought,
To hope for all, yet for diſpaire to die,
Is of my life the certaine deſtenie.

Sonnet XXXIII.

When firſt ſweet *Phillis* (whom *I* muſt adore)
Gan with her beauties bleſſe our wondring skie,
The ſonne of *Rhea*, from their fatall ſtore
Made all the Gods to grace her Maieſtie.

Apollo firſt his golden rayes among,
Did forme the beauty of her bounteous eyes:
He grac't her with his ſweet melodious ſong,
And made her ſubiect of his poeſies.

The warriour *Mars*, bequeath'd her fierce diſdaine,
Venus her ſmile, and *Phœbe* all her fayre,
Python his voyce, and *Ceres* all her graine,
The morne her lockes and fingers did repayre.

Young *Loue*, his bowe, and *Thetis* gaue her feete:
Clio her praiſe, *Pallas* her ſcience ſweete.

Sonnet XXXIIII.

I would in rich and golden coloured raine,
With tempting ſhowers in pleaſant ſort diſcend,
Into faire *Phillis* lappe(my louely friend)
When ſleepe hir ſence with ſlomber doth reſtraine.
I would be chaunged to a milk-white Bull,
When midſt the gladſome fieldes ſhe ſhould appeare,
By pleaſant finenes to ſurpriſe my deere,
Whileſt from their ſtalkes,ſhe pleaſant flowers did pull:
I were content to wearie out my paine,
To bee *Narciſſus* ſo ſhe were a ſpring
To drowne in hir thoſe woes my heart do wring:
And more I wiſh tranſformed to remaine:
That whileſt I thus in pleaſures lappe did lye,
I might refreſh deſire,which elſe would die.

Sonnet XXXV.

I hope and feare, *I* pray and hould my peace,
Now freeze my thoughtes and ſtraight they frie againe,
I now admire and ſtraight my wounders ceaſe,
I looſe my bondes and yet my ſelfe reſtraine:
This likes me moſt that leaues me diſcontent,
My courage ſerues and yet my heart doth faile,
My will doth clime whereas my hopes are ſpent,
I laugh at loue, yet when he comes *I* quaile.
The more *I* ſtriue, the duller bide *I* ſtill,
I would bee thrald, and yet *I* freedome loue,
I would redreſſe, yet hourly feede myne ill,
I would repine, and dare not once reproue,
And for my loue I am bereft of power,
And ſtrengthleſſe ſtriue my weaknes to deuoure.

Sonnet xxxvj.

If ſo *I* ſeeke the ſhades, *I* preſently doe ſee
The God of Loue forſakes his bow and ſitte me by:
If that I think to write, his Muſes plyant be,
If ſo *I* plaine my griefe, the wanton boy will cry.
If I lament his pride, he doth increaſe my paine,
If teares my cheeks attaint, his cheeks are moiſt with mone,
If I diſcloſe the woundes the which my hart hath ſlaine,
He takes his *Faſcia* off, and wipes them dry anone.
If ſo I walke the woodes, the woodes are his delight,
If I my ſelfe torment, he bathes hym in my blood:
He will my ſouldiour be if once I wend to fight,
If ſeas delight, he ſtears my Barke amidſt the flood:
In breefe, the cruell God doth neuer from me goe,
But makes my laſting loue eternall with my woe.

H. Theſe

Sonnet xxxvij.

Theſe fierce inceſſant waues that ſtreame along my face,
Which ſhow the certaine proofe of my nere-ceaſing pains,
Fayre *Phillis* are no teares that trickle from my brains:
For why ſuch ſtreames of ruth, within me find no place.
Theſe floods that wet my cheeks, are gathered frō thy grace
And thy perfections, & from hundreth thouſand flowers
Which from thy beauties ſpring: wherto I medly ſhowers
Of Roſe and Lillyes to, the collours of thy face.
My loue doth ſerue for fire, my hart the fornace is,
The aperries of my ſighes augment the burning flame,
The Limbique is myne eye that doth diſtill the ſame:
And by how much my fire is violent and ſlye,
By ſo much doth it cauſe the waters mount on hie,
That ſhowre from out mine eyes, for to aſſwage my miſſe.

*VV*ho

Sonnet xxxviij.

*W*Who lyues inthrald to *Cupid* and his flame,
From day to day is chang'd in ſundry ſort:
*T*he proofe whereof my ſelfe may well report,
Who oft transformd by him may teach the ſame.
I firſt was turnd into a wounded Hart,
That bare the bloodie arrow in my ſide:
*T*hen to a Swanne that midſt the waters glide,
With pittious voyce preſagd my deadlie ſmart.
Eft-ſoones I waxt a faint and fading flower,
*T*hen was I made a fountaine ſuddaine dry,
Diſtilling all my teares from troubled eye:
Novv am I *Salamander* by his power,
Liuing in flames, but hope ere long to be
A voice, to talke my Miſtreſſe maieſtie.

Sonnet xxxix.

My matchleſſe Miſtreſſe, whoſe delicious eyes
Haue power to perfect natures priuie wants,
Euen when the Sunne in greateſt pompe did ryſe,
With pretty tread, dyd preſſe the tender plants.
Each ſtalk whilſt forth ſhe ſtalkes, to kyſſe her feete
Is proud with pompe, and prodigall of ſweete.

Her fingers faire in fauouring euery flower
That wooed theyr *Iuory* for a wiſhed touch:
By chaunce (ſweet chaunce) vpon a bleſſed hower,
Did pluck the flower where Loue himſelfe did couch.
Where Loue did couch, by ſummer toyle ſuppreſt,
And ſought his ſleepes within ſo ſweete a neſt.

The Virgins hand that held the wanton thrall,
Impriſoned him within the Roſe-ate leaues:
And twixt her teates, vvith fauour did enſtall
The louely Roſe, where Loue his reſt receaues.
The lad that felt the ſoft and ſvveet ſo nye,
Drownd in delights, diſdaines his liberty.

And ſayd, let *Venus* ſeeke another ſonne,
For heare my onely matchleſſe Mother is:
From vvhoſe fayre orient Orbes the drinke doth ronne,
That deifies my ſtate with greater blis:
Thys ſayd, he ſuckt, my Miſtreſſe bluſhing ſmyld,
Since Loue vvas both her priſoner and her child.

Reſem-

Sonnet xl.

Reſembling none, and none ſo poore as I,
Poore to the vvorld, and poore in each eſteeme,
Whoſe firſt borne loues, at firſt obſcurd did die,
And bred no fame but flame of bace miſdeeme.
Vnder the Enſigne of vvhoſe tyred pen,
Loues legions forth haue maskt, by others masked:
Thinke hovv I lyue wronged by ill tonged men,
Not Maiſter of my ſelfe, to all vvrongs tasked.
Oh thou that canſt, and ſhe that may doe all things,
Support theſe languiſhing conceits that perriſh,
Looke on theyr growth: perhaps theſe ſillie ſmall things
May winne this worldly palme, ſo you doe cherriſh.
Homer hath vowd, and I with him doe vowe thys,
He vvill and ſhall reuiue, if you alowe thys.

An Ode.

NOwe I find thy lookes were fained,
Quickly loſt, and quicklie gained:
Soft thy skinne, like Wooll of Weathers,
Hart vnſtable, light as feathers.
Tongue vntruſtie, ſubtil ſighted,
Wanton Will, With change delighted:
Siren pleaſant, foe to reaſon,
Cupid plague thee for this treaſon.

Of thine eyes, I made my mirror,
From thy beautie came mine error,
All thy Words I counted Wittie,
All thy ſmiles I deemed pritty.
Thy falſe teares that me agrieued,
Firſt of all my truſt deceiued,
Siren pleaſant, foe to reaſon,
Cupid plague thee for this treaſon.

Faind acceptance when I asked,
Louely words With cunning masked,
Holy vowes but hart vnholly,
Wretched man my truſt Was folly:
Lillie White and prettie winking,
Sollemne vowes, but ſorry thinking.
Siren pleaſant, foe to reaſon,
Cupid plague thee for this treaſon.

Now I ſee O ſeemely cruell,
Others warme them at my fuell,
Wit ſhall guide me in this durance,
Since in loue is no aſſurance.
Change thy paſture, take thy pleaſure,
Beautie is a fading treaſure.
Siren pleaſant, foe to reaſon,
Cupid plague thee for this treaſon.

Prime youth luſts not age ſtill follow,
And make White theſe treſſes yellow,
Wrinckled face for lookes delightfull,
Shall acquaint the Dame deſpightfull:
And When time ſhall eate thy glory,
Then too late thou wilt be ſorry.
Siren pleaſant, foe to reaſon,
Cupid plague thee for thy treaſon.

The complaint of *Elstred*.

THE ſilent ſhadowes with their mothers vaile,
The brighter lampe of Heauen from *Thetis* hid:
Apolloes ſiſter in her ſtarrie raile,
Along her lower ſpheare in tryumph rid,
When *I* by *Seuerns* beauteous banckes alone,
Encountred with this wofull viſion.

A dolefull Queene in ſemblance and array,
Attended by a princely looking laſſe:
*A*midſt the waltring waue inforc't her way,
*A*nd landed there where I lamenting was:
Both ſeemd of royall birth, and well begotten,
Altho their weedes through eld and wette were rotten.

The leaues in *A*utumne fall not downe ſo faſt,
As liquid chriſtall dropped from their eyes:
But vvhen their ſtormie teares were ouer-paſt,
(*T*he ſilent ſpokſ-men of their miſeries)
They ſate them downe where I amaz'd remained,
And thus their falls ſucceſsiuely complained.

Amidſt the troopes of thoſe vvhom tyrant Fate
Hath ledde in tryumph to their time-leſſe graue:
Let vvofull *Elſtred* vveepe her wretched ſtate,
Whoſe ſtorie merrits ſome regard to haue.
VVho once inthron'd, and now to fortune thrall,
May teach ſucceſsions to auoyde my fall.

*VV*ithin

The complaint

Within that Region where proud-byllowed *Rhine*,
Doth animate the babes of fruitfull earth:
*A*nd baines the boſome of the ſwelling Vine:
From thence my of-ſpring came,and thence my byrth
In ſvvathing clowtes, for happy Princeſſe heried,
*I*n ſhrowding ſheete, a hapleſſe Princeſſe buried.

What ſaid I, buried? *I* in ſiluer vvaue.
What ſaid I, ſhrowded? *I* in liquid ſheete.
The vvater both my winding ſheete and graue,
Which ſtifling me, for pitty ſeemd to greete:
But where the life ſo wretched did become,
VVhat talke *I* of the death, the ſhrowd, the Tombe?

VVhen firſt I ſuckt the ſvveetes of ſubtile ayre,
Like to a Comet gathered in the North,
(VVhich in the vernall ſeaſon makes repayre)
VVith me all natures ritches iſſued forth.
They that beheld, admird,and did preſage
By infancie, the honours of myne age.

*T*he fame that ſhould preſent my facts to view,
As I from cradle crept, ſo gathered wing:
*A*s grew my beauties,ſo his feathers grew,
As waxt my worth, ſo was he preſt to ſpring,
As yeeres increaſt, from earth to trees he ſprung,
From trees to towers, from whence my fame he ſung.

Thus

Thus through continuall motion growing great,
His many feathers hatcht as many eyes,
His eyes, as many tongues for to intreate,
His tongues,as many eares to harken cryes.
Which feathers,eyes,tongues, eares,he euer frames
To paint our praiſe,and bruit our endleſſe blames.

Thys monſtrous babe (that rents his mothers breſt,
To fill the world with tragick hiſtorie)
To regiſter my beauties neuer ceaſt,
Where-through, each eare that heard the nouelty,
Summons each ſence with wonder to behold,
If beauties were ſo great as they were told.

The *Germaine* Lords, my Fathers neighbour freends,
(For why my Father was a *Germaine* Peere)
Willing to ſee the face which Fame commends,
Doe haunt his Court, and like and loue me deere.
All wooe, none winne, for Fortune would it ſo,
To ſette me hie, at laſt to caſt me low.

At length, farre bruited through hys famous fight,
Renowned *Humber* terror of hys time,
(More feard then lou'd of euery *Germaine* Knight)
Came to our Court, and ſaw me in my prime:
*A*ll like a mayden-roſe, as yet vntainted,
Where-with each touch deſires to be acquainted.

His power, his perſon farre beyond report,
His promiſe to enſtall me in a throne:
His working words which mercy might extort,
Had power to faſhion loue where firſt was none:
So that two Damſels with my ſelfe agreed,
*T*o waight from him our fortunes and good ſpeed.

*T*hus we with armed eyes, whence loue did forage
The richeſt treaſures of his tender hart,
Inſpyred *Humber* by our lookes with courage,
With him from *Germaine* ſoyle we did depart:
For him, our friends, for him, our land we left,
With him, of friends, lands, life we were bereft.

His myghty minde which hunted after fame,
(Fore-ſtaling each occaſion of delay:)
His warlike troopes to tedious martch did frame,
*T*ill all arriu'd where as his ſhyppes did ſtay,
We were embarckt, and by propitious wind,
Within th' *Albanian* Coaſt did harbor find.

He that hath ſeene the daughters of the skye,
The myracles of nature in the fielde,
VVho after theyr imperiall chieftaine flye,
And cull ſuch comforts as the ſpring doth yeeld,
How each his taske, how all themſelues reuiue
At his commaund, for to enrich theyr Hiue:

Or as the royall Monarcke of the Ants,
*A*rranging of his little-labouring traine,
(In Summer tyme fore-ſeeing Winters wants)
By theyr indeuours ſtores his neſt with graine,
Where each induſtrious elfe for common good,
Doth gather, ſeeke, regather happy foode.

So ſtriue theſe *Scithian* warriours, to expreſſe
*T*heir duties to theyr Prince by induſtrie:
Some pitch theyr *T*ents, and ſome theyr *A*rmes addreſſe,
Some ſcoute, ſome forage all the Countrey nie.
The Plow-mans hope, the thrifty Husbands tillage,
Is now become the waſt-full ſouldiours pillage.

Stout *Albanact* as then the *Scottish* King,
Hearing of *Humbers* proud inuaſion:
*T*o ſtoppe ambition leaſt it further ſpring,
Attended by the flower of all his Nation,
Encountered him, and that his barbarous band,
Endeuouring force, by force for to withſtand.

Then preſſed forth from depth of horrid hell,
The babes of wreakfull warre with threatning browes:
Reuengefull Wrath, and ſleepleſſe Enuie fell,
Prodigious Feare her trembling lymmes did rowſe:
And fleſh-leſſe Death, ledde blood-affecting Murther,
The tragicke change of fortune for to further.

The complaint

The Husbands ſcithe was chaunged to a ſword,
The Coblers-aule into a ſturdie launce:
Peace was obſcurd, of warre was euery word,
*A*ll prayd to Fortune for ſucceſ-full chaunce,
That ſits inthrond on her inconſtant ſeate,
And helpes them moſt who leaſt her helpe intreate.

As when to purge exceſsiue moyſt, deſcending
From *Saturns* ſpheare, or els ſuperfluous heate
Styrd vp by *Mars*, *Ioue* (common good intending)
Sends lyghtning-flaſh to lay theyr angry threate.
So vviſer heads that knew the ſcourge of warre,
Sought ſooth-faſt meanes to mittigate the iarre.

But as a troope of fierce incenſed Bulles,
The Heardſ-mans ſtrokes or threats doe ſette at nought:
So they whoſe rankorous rage their iudgment dulles,
Had little minde to peace or peace-full thought.
" Who fight for Crownes, ſet life, ſet all to light,
" Who aime ſo hie, will die or hit the white.

*T*he battailes ioynd, heauen mournd to ſee them ioyne,
*T*he burniſht *A*rmes, heauens brighteſt beautie baſht:
On warlike-ſteades with many a fatall foine,
The moodie men at Armes together daſht.
The Heauens to ſee, the Earth to beare did grone,
What God conſents to ſet theſe iarres at one?

As

As when a troope of harueſt thriftie ſwaines,
VVith cutting ſcithes earth ripned ritches movve:
Whole ſheaues of Corne lye ſtrewd vpon the plaines,
So fall the *Scots* before the conquering foe.
My *Humber* gaind both kingdome and renowne,
And *Albanact* loſt life, his ſtate, his Crowne.

When *Albanact* loſt life, his ſtate, his crovvne,
Then we our lyues, our ſtates, our crownes attained:
We came to conquer and to put him downe,
And what we ſought, by warlike ſword we gained.
Cæſar no more then *Humber* could intend,
Who came, vvho ſaw, who conquered in the end.

But (vvoe is me) promotion is a puffe,
Theſe vvorldly honors are but ſhades of ſweete:
VVho ſeeke too much, before they gette enough,
Before they meete the meane, with death doe meete.
VVith death they meete, the *H*auen of all deſire,
VVhere will muſt waine, and pride cannot aſpire.

For vvhen *Locrinus* with his vvarlike brother,
His vvarlike brother *Cambre*, vnderſtood
Hovv partiall Fortune which deſerts doth ſmother,
Had brought to nought the neſtling of theyr brood:
They leuied men, marcht forth without incomber,
And fought, and gaind, and tryumpht ouer *Humber*.

Then fled my loue, who thought the world ſhold flie him,
And what he fledde, he mette with ere he ſought it,
For why the floods that paſſage did denie him,
Deni'de him not the death, before he thought it:
And in that flood which terminats the bound,
*T*wixt *England* & twixt *Scotland*, death he found.

Wheron the waters are called Humber waters to thys day.

There death he foũd, with many a warlike Knight.
*T*here found we thraldome, farre more worſe then death,
Cordes were our Crownes, our dainties were deſpight,
My two conſorts (aie's me) there loſt their breath.
There loſt *I* friends, there loſt I helpes, there hope,
But loe my fortune aymes at higher ſcope.

For where I loſt my loue, my friends, my hope,
There found *I* hope, there faithful friends, there loue:
*A*nd whilſt *I* went faſt fettered in a rope,
Weeping ſuch teares as might compaſsion moue,
I was preſented by vnhallowed hand,
To ſtoute *Locrinus* King of *Logiers* land.

Who like that thunder-threatning Potentate,
*T*he *A*rbiter of changes and increaſe,
Sate lightning forth ſuch lookes as might amate
Warre-breeding *Mars*, the countercheck of peace:
Him when I ſaw, *I* ſhooke, and ſhaking wept,
*A*nd weeping, to his throne for mercy crept.

And whilst *I* rent my careleſſe-ſcattered locks,
Thoſe tricked trammels where true loue was tangled,
At Locrins breaſt for mercy fancie knocks,
Shadowed in ſeemely lookes where-with loue angled:
And when I cry'd, O pitty me my King,
His eyes cry'd pitty me, by woe looking.

Each motion of mine eyes, enforc't commotion
Betwixt his will and reaſon what to aunſwere:
(But will where loue will rule, muſt haue promotion.)
My ſute firſt paſt for life, with liſtning eare
He heard, and graunted what *I* did require,
Ennobling of my life by his deſire.

My bonds newe broke, and I from fetters los'd,
As mount the brother twinnes from waterie vaſt,
Within fayre *Thetis* liquid lappe fore-clos'd,
So from their humbled cloſures lightned faſt
My louely lampes, which earſt made interceſsion,
And by one looke, of all harts tooke poſſeſsion.

All wonder, and with dazeled eyes with-draw them,
Onely the right-borne Egle by theſe lights
Approu'd his birth-right, and no ſooner ſaw them
Apparailed in hope, and choyce delights,
But vp he lookes, by ſuddaine ſight confounded,
And I by ſelfe-like ſight, was likely wounded.

"For vvhere there growes a ſimpathie of harts,
"Each paſsion in the one, the other paineth,
"And by each cariage of the outward parts,
(VVherein the actuall worke of loue remaineth)
The inward griefes, miſlikes, and ioyes are tought:
And euery ſigne bewraies a ſecrete thought.

Short tale to tell, *Locrinus* had the palme
And intereſt in all my beſt deſseignes:
Each kiſſe I lent him, breathed Indian balme
To cure his woundes, to breake affections cheines
Hé had Loues *Moly* growing on my pappes,
To charme a hell of ſorrow and miſhappes.

Loe heere my ſecond ſteppe to high eſtate,
Now marke my ſecond fall and ouerthrow:
Behold in me the tragedy of fate,
The true *Idea* of this worldly woe:
The *Eris* and *Erynnis* that proceedes
From wretched life, that truſts to Fortunes weedes.

Locrinus freed from hoſtile detriment,
Poſſeſt of loue by me, and me by loue:
(Whoſe lookes vnto his loue gaue nutriment)
Whether by fatall motion from aboue,
Or through the hote ſuggeſtions of his Lords,
Vnto a ſecond loue at laſt accords.

To *Guendolen*, to *Guendolen* (woe's me)
To Corineus daughter, by conſult
My deere *Locrinus* muſt eſpouſed be,
Euen heere gan Fortune proudly to inſult.
What ſayd I, to inſult, nay rather raigne,
For hence his tyranny he did maintaine.

The Engliſh King God knowes againſt his will,
(Or els his will, farre differed from his vowes)
His Nobles intimations to fulfill,
The Corniſh *Guendolena* did eſpouſe.
Shee got the Crowne, tho *I* was promiſt faire,
And he by her begot a royall heyre.

Then to my pride, rebated by her ryſing,
No day, no night, could paſſe me without plaint:
My thoughts were penſiue, ful of ſad ſurmiſing,
My dreames, ſome dreadfull domage did depaint.
Aloud my conſcience tolde, and I confeſt it,
My life was looſe, and bad me to deteſt it.

I feard *Locrinus* through his new contract,
Should grow in hatred of his auncient choyce:
I ſaw my credite vvas already crackt,
My life condemnd for leud by common voyce.
And what is worſe? I knew the Queene intended
That but with death her wrath ſhould not be ended.

Amidſt theſe thriuing thoughts, whilſt I aſſaied
With vaine-affected hopes, to ouer-top
The true-inflicted paines my hart betraid,
Locrinus came: and by ſweet words did ſtop
The breach, which guilty conſcience and vnreſt
Had made, within the rampayres of my breſt.

The ruines which inceſſant feare prouokt,
By his well tempered reaſons were renewed:
My halfe-dead ioyes whom danger long had chokt,
Were cheer'd with kiſſes which ſweet words inſewed.
Hys words attended by truth-meaning teares,
Rauiſht my hart, through myne attentiue eares.

Tho *Guendolen* (ſaith he) doth tyranniſe,
Yet *Elſtred* is the ſoueraigne of my ſoule:
Th'inforced ſollace, like to vapour flies
That hath no power repining harts to towle.
And wreſted wedlocks breed but hated heate,
Where no loue ſeemes ſo ſweet, as ſtolne and ſecrete.

Ah, temporiſe my loue a little ſeaſon,
And reape the ripning harueſt of all pleaſure:
Gleane all my loues, and doe me but this reaſon,
To ſerue occaſion tyll ſhe gyues thee ſeaſure.
Rent out thy feares to mindes more bace and abiect,
And truſt thy lyfe to me, thy beauties ſubiect.

Diſpa-

Disparage not my hope by thy misdeeming,
*T*he nest is thine,altho the Cuckow hatch there:
Loue lyues not there where lookes make louely-seeming,
Beare witnes heauens, *I* neuer meant to match there.
But I inforst to flye a further mischiefe,
*I*n colour her, in hart doe hold thee chiefe.

All these and more,sweet chaines of honny speech,
Deliuered by a trick *Herculean* tongue,
Able to tice all eares, and all griefes teach,
So rooted vp my sorrowes as they sprung,
That hope suruiu'd,and ioy exhaled greefe:
"For perfect loue is quickest of beleefe.

And to effect his honny promise plighted,
No pleasures were vnsought to yeeld me sollace:
The darksome care which my harts hope benighted,
*T*he sunne-shine of his princly loue did chace.
Delight in showers of gold, in harmonie,
*I*n curious gemmes, was sent to please mine eye.

And to assure my lyfe and his content,
A second *Cretan* wonder he began,
Wherein nor wanted arte nor ornament,
Nor curious worke of high conceited man:
By hundreth waies,and twice as mickle winding,
Crost,and recrost, beyond all searchers finding.

Not that Coloſſus reared vp in *Rhodes*,
Nor hanging Gardens houering in the sky:
Nor all the wonderous manſions and aboades
In *Egipt*, *Lemnos*, or in *Italy*,
Eyther for riches, cunning, or expence,
Might match this Laborinth for excellence.

Within thys Maze and curious Caue I kept,
*A*nd thoſe the *S*aphires of my ſhyning eyes
Long wakned by my feares, in quiet ſlept.
Heere when *Locrinus* liſt to wantonniſe,
I payd him trybute for thoſe gifts he ſent me,
With all the ſweets that God and nature lent me.

*S*o long in lyſtes of pleaſure did we ſtriue,
*T*ill both affections mutually agreed,
The happy heauens a Trophie did reuiue,
A *T*rophie of our tryumph and good ſpeede:
A pretty babe for me to ſtay withall,
A louely child for hym to play withall.

Then loe the fire regathered moodie might,
Long ſmothered in the embers of ſuſpect:
In me alone *Locrinus* tooke delight,
And ſo my new-borne *Sabrine* did affect,
That nor his wife, her ſonne, or ought could moue him
To leaue my loue, who did ſo deerely loue him.

"Miſlikes are ſilly lets where Kings reſolue them,
"Where counſaile-chaſing will hath empery,
"Deedes are too preſt for reaſon to diſſolue them.
"*In* mighty mindes a grounded vanity
"*Like Iuie* ſprings, that ceaſleſſe neuer ſtoppeth,
"Vntill her neighbour-Oake ſhe ouer-toppeth.

Locrinus hearing of the hapleſſe date
Of *Corineus*, *Guendolenues* Father:
Now gan to tempeſt forth his ſmothered hate
He durſt not threaten forth, or publiſh rather:
And both his wife, and his vnhappy chyld,
From Crowne, from Court, from fauour quite exild.

Then was I drawne like that ſea-foſtered Queene,
From thoſe obſcurer pryſons of my glory,
And brought abroade in tryumphe to be ſeene:
None durſt vpbraid, though many harts were ſory.
All likt my lookes, tho each one curſt my life,
To ſee a harlot ſo ſupplant a wife.

But as the Sunne in March, is held vnholeſome
For ſtirring vmors, and not laying them:
Filling the earth and ayre with moiſtnes fulſome,
Yet not reſoluing or decaying them,
So was *Locrinus* blamed for this action:
Who brought to head heere-through a mighty faction.

The complaint

For *Guendolen*, with that heroick ſprite
Where-with her Father was enobled erſt,
To wreake on me her *Miriades* of deſpight,
The ſentence of her wrongs by power reuerſt,
Her harmes, by armes, ſhe vowd to ſatiſ-fie,
*A*nd heereon leuied a mighty Armie.

And thus attended in tryumphant order,
And garded by her warlike *Cornish* crew,
She pitcht her field, neere to thoſe banks which border
This azure-mantled ſtreame, where now we rewe.
The King that ſets a womans threates at nought,
Preſt men, and met hys foe, and with her fought.

But ſo would Fortune, (fie on Fortune fickle)
*T*hat by a ſhaft *Locrinus* was confounded:
His ſcattered troopes like ſheaues before the ſickle,
Fell downe, or fled, or died deadly wounded.
Ah guiltleſſe ſoules, they perriſht for my ſinnes,
And from theyr fall, my tragedy beginnes.

*A*h Fortune, nurſe of fooles, poyſon of hope,
Fuell of vaine deſires, deſerts deſtruction,
Impugner of preuentions, errors ſcope,
Suppoſed ſoueraigne through our vaine conſtruction,
Princeſſe of Paganiſme, roote of impietie,
Deuill on earth masked in deitie;

Scorne

Scorne of the learned, Follies eldeſt ſiſter,
Baſtard of tyme, begot by vaine opinion
Againſt thy power, O peeuiſh proud reſiſter,
Mother of lyes, and Miſtreſſe of illuſion,
Vampe of vaine glory, double faced ſhroe,
Whoſe ſmyles at firſt ſuccesfull, end in woe.

It was not thou, (tho worldly wits accuſe thee)
That ſette *Mount Gibel* of my plagues a burning:
It was not thou, my conſcience doth excuſe thee,
It was my ſinne that wrought myne ouer-turning.
It was but iuſtice, from the heauens inflicted
On luſtfull life, defamed and conuicted.

As when the poule that vnder-props the Vine,
Is reft away, the crimſon cluſters fall,
And as the buildings ſuddainly decline,
That want the meanes to ſtay them vp withall:
So when the King, and all his truſty freends
Were fled or ſlaine, then loe mine honour ends.

My lyttle daughter left alone with me,
Both trauerſing the fatall blood-dewd plaine:
More fit to feare, then fleete avvay to flee,
At laſt arriu'd where as my loue lay ſlayne: (breeding,
Oh ſlaying ſight, vvounds vvounding, death, death
Pale lookes (yee ſeales of ſorrovv) palenes feeding.

The complaint

Sweet Image of his lyuing excellence,
Whilſt thus it lay (ah-las that thus it lay)
Impatient greefe would leaue me no defence,
I cald on death, but teares wept death away.
His woiſt was paſt, *I* ſigh'd, but ſighes nor ſlender
Teares worke no truce, but where the hart is tender.

And as the ſtraw vnto the *Iette* faſt cleaueth,
So clunge *I* both myne armes about his necke :
Pouring my plaints in eares that nought conceaueth.
Ah loue (quoth *I*) vnkind, why doſt thou checke,
Why doſt thou mate the minds that moſt admire thee,
And in our needes, in conſtant thus retire thee?

Breathe life in him againe, or leaue me breathleſſe,
Or from thine enuious tryumphant throne,
Send forth *Deſpayre* with locks vnkempt and wreathleſſe,
*T*o ioyne by death two ſoules in life but one.
And ſince at once our harts thou didſt inſpire,
Let both of vs (O Loue) at once expire.

Oh ſpent on barraine ground, my flood-like weeping
Loue would not heare : tho gan I trembling try
If kiſſes could reuiue his ceaſleſſe ſleeping,
But death repines theſe baites of fond deſire.
I ſuckt his wounds, and wrapt them round about,
But (ah) the life before was iſſued out.

I faynting fell, enfeebled through my ſufferaunce,
My child that ſaw me fall, for griefe fell by me:
I wept, ſhe cryde, both gaue griefe ſuſtenaunce,
I fainted, and ſhe fainting layd her nie me.
Euen what I kyſt, ſhe kiſt, and what I ſayd
She ſayd, and what I fear'd, made her afrayd.

For euery ſigh, a ſigh, for euery teare,
A teare, ſhe was no niggard of her moane;
Ah beauties bloſſome blaſted in the eare,
*T*hou daughter of the hapleſſe woful one,
*T*he croppes of cares together muſt thou gather,
And looſe at once, both Mother, life, and Father.

Whilſt thus we breath'd our Elegies of ſorrow,
Not recking who beheld, or who ſurpris'd vs,
*T*he free-booters that raunge the Champion thorow,
(Who by our robes, of ſome high race ſurmis'd vs)
Layd hands on vs, and brought vs to the Queene,
Who ſate tryumphant royally beſeene.

Looke how fayre locked *Iuno* was affected,
When ſhe the monſter-queller did behold,
With ſelfe-like proud-full enmitie infected
The Queene ſate, hatching murthers manifold;
And as the wrathfull tempeſt, that doth follow
*I*n high-topt trees, long murmureth ere it blow,

So gan ſhe to euacuate by her tongue,
The *Hydraes* of reuenge ſhe had intended:
With tyring taunts at firſt my heart ſhe ſtoonge,
And fierce vpbraydes with bitter buffets ended.
Suborner of laſciuiouſneſſe,(ſhe cride)
Haſt thou no vale of ſhame,thy lookes to hide?

Miſgouern'd Minion,in whoſe wanton browes
The regiſters of wretched life are written:
Suborner of contempt, laſciuious blowſe,
By whom my ioyes were blaſted and froſt-bitten.
Miſtreſſe of murthers,looſeneſſe, and what not?
Now are you compaſt in your proud complot.

The Cædar tree is falne,that did protect you
From euery ſtormie threat and hate I ment thee:
But now fierce rage by footſteps ſhall direct you
To timeleſſe death; for-thy vaine wretch repent thee,
Thou art but dead: for death my hate muſt bound,
Thy childe,thy ſelfe,together ſhall be drownd.

This ſaid,ſhe wild the Miniſters to bind
Our tender armes: and now pale feare addreſt
Our wayning roſes,quite beyond theyr kind,
To flie our cheekes,and helpe our hearts oppreſt.
Feare ſommond teares,teares came,and ſtroue to ſtint
A ceaſleſſe hate, within a hart of flint.

But weladay our Doomesday was ordaind,
For when the oceans of our moane assaild her:
A ruthles rocke, deaf-eared, she disdaind,
We faild not to submit, but pittie faild her.
Then lowlie-creeping prostrate at her feete,
In these laments for mercy I intreate.

Pittifull Queene (sayd *I*) vouchsafe t'assommon,
The partialest opinions of thy mind:
And yet remembring thee thou art a woman,
Heare thou with reason, not affection blind:
Then loe my proofes to such effect shall sort,
As they from thee some pittie shall extort.

If vnder couert of ambitious rising,
Or fond intention to suggest the King,
Or by complots of mine owne lewd deuising,
I had surmisd or practisd any thing,
Where-through *Locrinus* should affect me so,
Iust were my death, and iust mine ouerthrow.

But happy heauens haue registred the truth,
They know my cause, and they can thee assure
It was not I, it was thy husbands youth
That made him loue, and traind him to the lure.
What should poore Captiues doo? or what should I?
Twere better loue and liue, than loath and die.

The complaint

My ſexe was weake, my ſences farre more weaker,
*A*ffli*c*tions taught me to accept occaſion:
I am a poore vnwilling wedlock breaker,
I was vnable to withſtand inuaſion:
For where the Conquerer crau'd, I knew full well
He could commaund, if ſo *I* ſhould rebell.

What is the Wren, to wraſtle with the Gripe?
Or mine vnarmed will to reſolution?
*A*lthough my beauty made affe*c*tions ripe,
His was the palme, and his the execution.
My ſufferaunce was my fault, he did exa*c*t all,
He ſought, he taught me firſt for to ena*c*t all.

Then mighty Soueraigne mittigate thine ire,
For why I ſinn'd vnwilling and enforced:
And tho an exile, let me hence retyre.
But if compaſsion be from thee diuorced,
O let me die, and true compaſsion take
Vpon my daughter, for her fathers ſake.

Looke how in royall cha*r*a*c*ters inchaſed,
She beares the records of his haughty hart.
Stoope princely mayde, be not ſo lofty paced,
Not what thou wert thinke thou, but what thou art.
Wilt thou not ſtoope? ah wretch, perhaps thou deemeſt
The Queene will pardon, ſince ſo ſweet thou ſeemeſt.

Fayre

Fayre-looking ſoule, how often did *I* ſeale
Kiſſes vppon her cheekes, whilſt thus *I* pleaded?
But all in vaine for pitty *I* appeale,
Sentence of death already was arreaded;
Faſt bound, to *Seuerns* bancke *I* was conducted,
Readie to die, yet not to death inſtructed.

Meane-while, my ſweet *Sabrina* weeping haſted
To *Guendolen*, and with her little palme
Strooke on her marble-breaſt, by no griefe waſted,
Striuing by ſmiles her moody wrath to calme.
She kiſt her hand, and ſtraight embraſt her neck,
As if inforcing mercie by a beck.

Pardon ſhe cry'd, oh Madam, ſaue my Mother.
Yea Mother ſo *I* cry'd, ſaid *Sabrine* tho.
Oh let me novv no longer ſorrow ſmother,
But by my ſelfe capitulate my woe:
Since none are fit, or meeteſt to reueale it,
Then thoſe who like my ſelfe, doe likewiſe feele it.

I ſaw the death prepared for my life,
I ſaw the teares my Mother wept for me:
I ſaw the wofull louer and the wife,
Th'one paſt pitty, th'other pittying me.
I pittied both, th'one, wanting remorſe,
Th'other, ſince her plaints had little force.

And both of theſe with ſelfe like pittie wounded,
Beheld me, whilſt I dallyed for my death:
I dallied with that lippe which me confounded,
The lippe that gaue eiection to my breath.
*T*he lippe which through the office of the toung,
Made age-purſuing death to ſeaſe on young.

How much for thee ſweet mother did I flatter,
Pledging tranſparant Chriſtall for ſome pittie ?
I know, God knowes, God knowes, I know the matter,
Will would not heare the words of wanton prettie:
Both, both muſt dye, I mother, thou muſt dye,
Thou muſt be drownd, ſweet mother, ſo muſt I.

As climes the auncient ſhaddow of the field,
*T*he Father-oake, whoſe rootes ſo deepely enter,
As where the ſpreading boughes midſt heauens doo build,
The reſt lyes cloſd in the *T*artarian center:
Whom fierce *Vulturnus* (wonder-working blaſt)
Nor Southerne healthles wind can ouercaſt.

So ſat the Queene vndaunted and vntainted,
*L*ike to her ſelfe, an enuious minded woman:
With no kind pleas, her eares would be acquainted,
Away with them ſhe cryes. Ah-las that no man
Weepes now with me; for then what creature curſt not
The cruell Queene, tho reprehend they durſt not.

Then

Sabrine. Then you and *I* ſweet Mother were led forth,
Elstred. We were led foorth ſweet daughter to our laſt;
Sabrine. Our words,our beauties had but little worth,
Elstred. So will the heauens: that pureſt,ſooneſt waſt.
Sabrine. I cride,help mother,help,when *I* was drowned,
Elstred. Ah helples both, yet wanting helpe renowmed.

Thus caſt at once into the wofull waue,
That laught for to embowell natures treaſures:
I forſt my ſelfe,my *Sabrine* for to ſaue,
But death no time,no age,no reaſon meaſures.
Helpe mother when thou crydſt,*I* came vnto thee,
And then I died, when drowning did vndoe thee.

Both dyed at once: the *A*nnals of miſhap,
Wherein woe-tempted men may read theyr fortune:
Since all are ſubiect to the ſelfe like trap,
*A*nd ſelfe like death may ſweeteſt ſoules importune.
Sabrine. *I* thus we dyed, yet not with ſelfe like fame,
For floting *Seuerne* loues *Sabrinaes* name.

So may he prattle ſtill vnto his vvaue,
Sabrinaes name, whilſt brine ſalt teares ſea weepeth:
And if the Gods or men compaſsion haue,
Compaſsion that vvith tender hearts nere ſleepeth,
We both ſhall liue. This ſaid, both ſought their Tombe
Within the waues, and ſuncke vnto the bottome.

The complaint

The Water-Nimphes with their vnkembed treſſes,
The byrds that ſaw the Water-Nimphes aſſembled
The fiſhes that were fedde by their diſtreſſes,
The floods with all of theſe, together trembled:
And I gotte home and weepingly thus pend it,
Careleſſe of thoſe that ſcorne and cannot mend it.

FINIS.